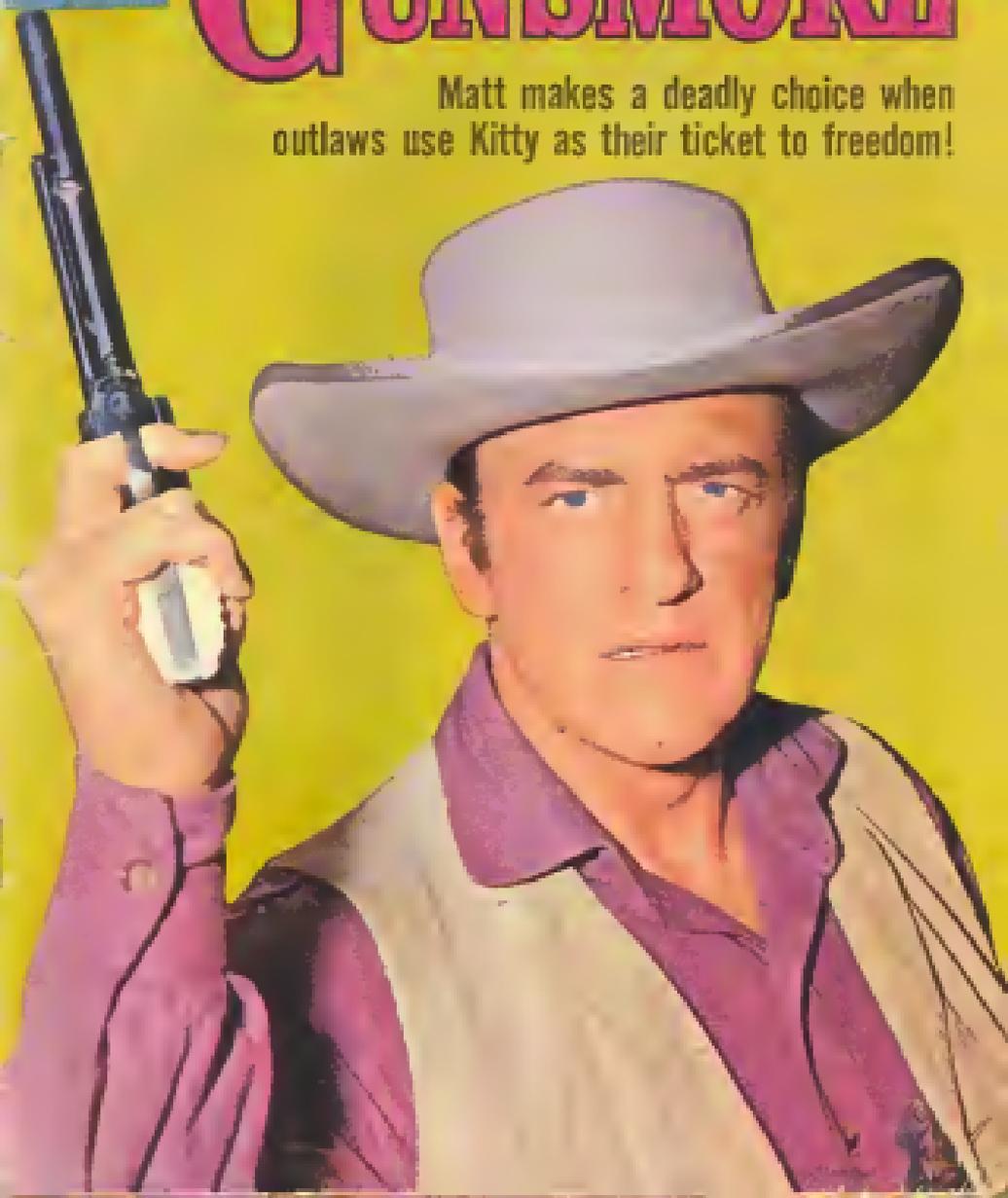


DELL
Western
Adventure

FEB MARCH Still 10¢

GUNSMOKE

Matt makes a deadly choice when
outlaws use Kitty as their ticket to freedom!



This is a Beaverbear



A beaverbear is always busy as a bear for chewy Kraft Caramels and busy as a beaver 'cause, while he's eating one Kraft Caramel he's unwrapping another.

When it comes
to candies
Kraft puts more



The Kraft, Chocolate or Vanilla. Take your choice in how you get it, but all begin with a beaverbear who's busy.

YUM-IN-UM than anyone

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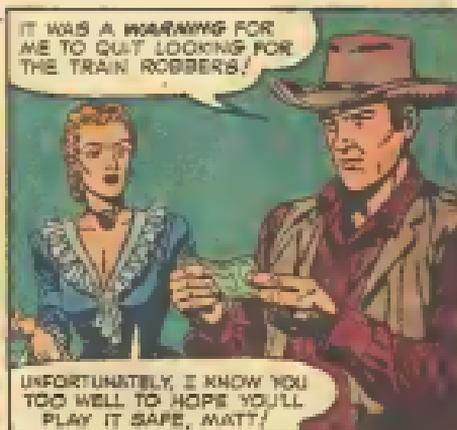




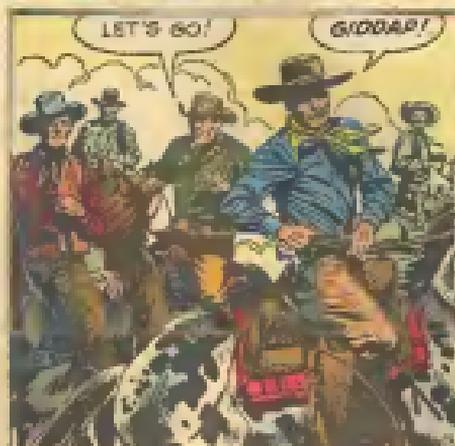


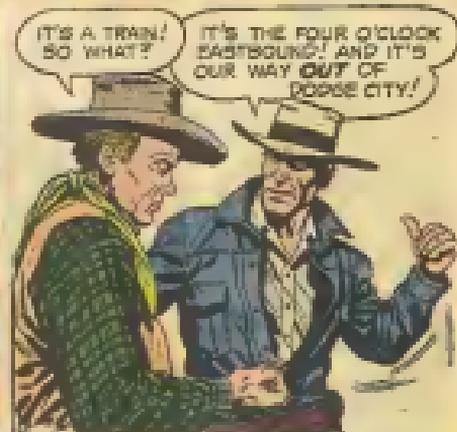
SOON...

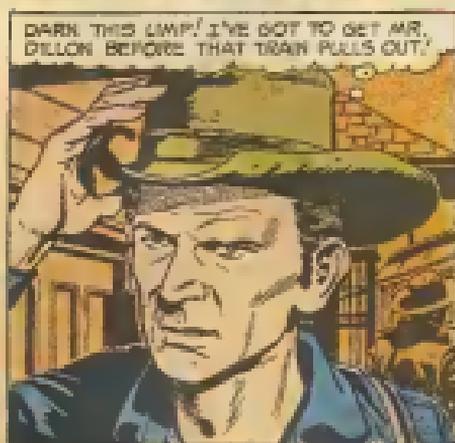




MINUTES LATER...







MINUTES LATER...



BACK OFF, DILLON! LEAVE US ALONE AND WE'LL LET YOUR GIRL OFF A FEW STOPS DOWN THE LINE! PLAY HERO-- AND SHE'S DEAD!



REMEMBER-- DON'T TRY TELEGRAPHING AHEAD OR ANY OTHER TRICKS!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, MR. DILLON?

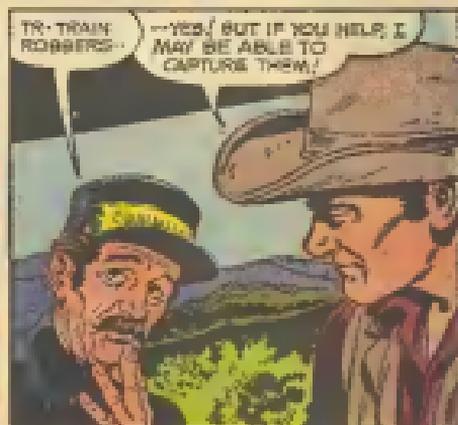
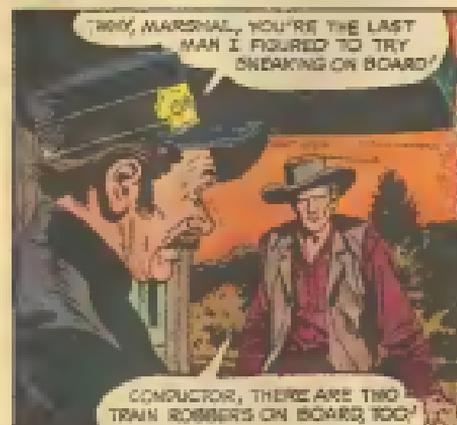
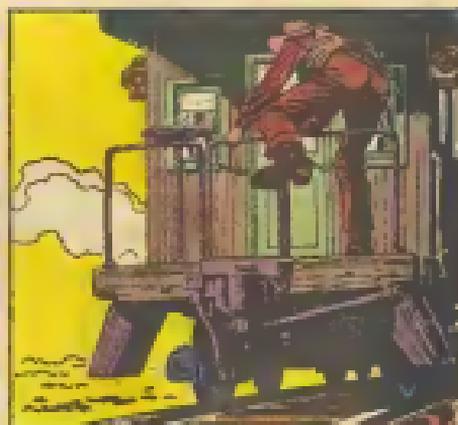
I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME TO DECIDE--



NO, I CAN'T TRUST THEM TO LEAVE KITTY UNHARMED!

HOW CAN YOU STOP THEM NOW?

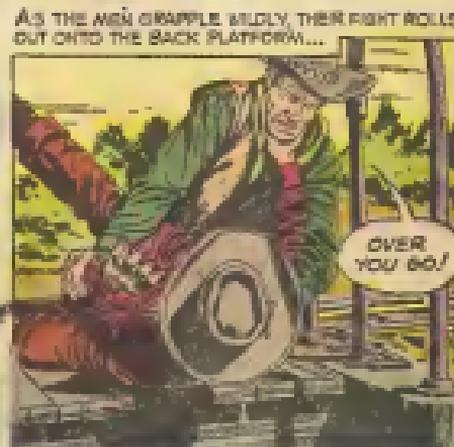




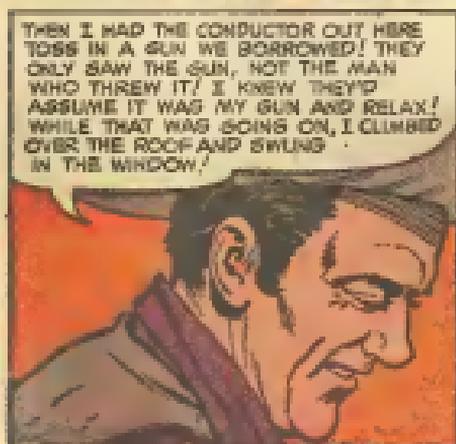
A MINUTE LATER...







AS THE MEN GRAPPLE WILDLY, THEIR FIGHT ROLLS OUT ONTO THE BACK PLATFORM...



DODGE CITY DAYS

SKULDUGGERY

MANY MEN CAME TO FLEECE THE FOLKS AT DODGE CITY, BUT SOMETIMES IT WAS THE BUNCO ARTIST WHO FOUND THAT THE SEEMINGLY SIMPLE WESTERNERS GOT IN THE LAST LAUGH-- AND THE FIRST BULLET!



PHRENOLOGY?
WHAT IN THE SAM
HILL IS THAT?



THAT'S MY PROFESSION! I AM DOCTOR MEREDITH, GRADUATE OF A LEADING MEDICAL SCHOOL SPECIALIZING IN THE NEWLY DEVELOPED SCIENCE OF PHRENOLOGY!

YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD US WHAT KIND OF A CRITTER IT IS!



IT IS THIS! BY READING THE BUMPS ON A PERSON'S HEAD, I CAN SCIENTIFICALLY TELL YOU THE MAN'S CHARACTER, DETERMINE HIS FUTURE AND ADVISE HIM ON HIS PLANS! I'LL BE AT THE HOTEL TONIGHT! COME AROUND FOR A READING OR ADVICE!

THAT EVENING, SOME OF DODGE'S MORE SPIRITED CITIZENS CORRALLED THE TOWN BUM ...

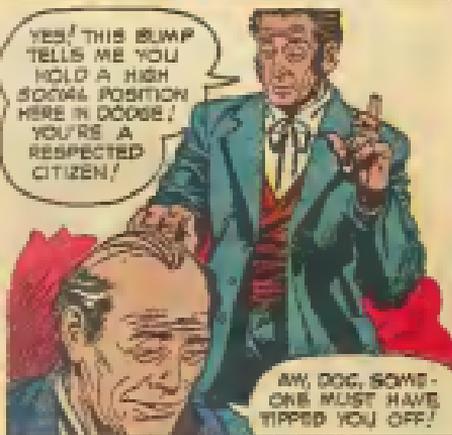


ALL RIGHT, FOR A DOLLAR, I'LL GET INTO THAT FANCY RIG, BUT WHY?



BECAUSE WE WANT TO GIVE DOC MEREDITH A REAL CHALLENGE! WE WANT HIM TO READ YOUR CHARACTER -- AND YOU HAVEN'T ANY!

MINUTES LATER, SPRUCED AND SCENTED, THEY SHOWED HIM INTO THE HOTEL...





NEXT MORNING, DR. MEREDITH SET OUT TO CAPTURE THE WHOLE TOWN...



THAT EVENING, THE MARSHAL CALLED A PACKED AUDIENCE TO ORDER ...



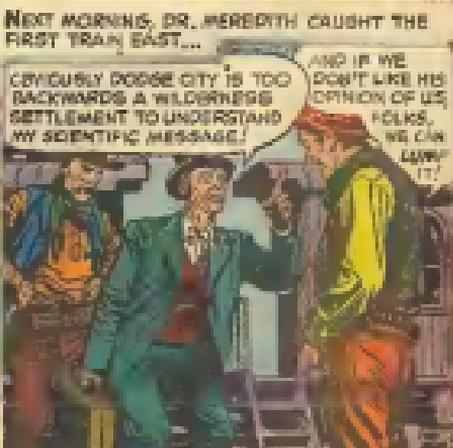
SOON, THE HECKLING CHANGED FROM LAUGHS TO LEAP...



SUDDENLY, BULLETS DROVE ALL THE LIGHTS AND MEN LEAPED OUT WINDOWS TO ESCAPE THE WILD SHOOTING...



AND WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT ON AGAIN...



The Feud



For weeks Marshal Clip Carter had been expecting it—the inevitable clash between Bull Brodie of the Rafter-B and Cherokee Mason of the Running-M. And now on that hot Saturday afternoon it looked like the showdown was on the way.

Looking out into the hot, dusty street the marshal remembered how the feud had begun. The fight started when both men started ranching on their own. The squabble was over a small spring which both claimed. The spring had long since dried up, but the feud had grown with the years. Haystacks were burned mysteriously and stock stampeded under suspicious circumstances. Each new incident added fuel to the fire.

And then came the climax. Two days before someone had cut Cherokee's fence and allowed his prized whiteface herd to stampede into the badlands. As if in retaliation a Rafter-B fence rider was wounded from ambush. Now the crews of both ranches were riding in to settle it with gunfire on the streets of Coyote Flats.

They would be coming soon. The marshal stepped out into the street and eyed a dust cloud in the southwest. That would be Mason's men. Brodie's boys would be on the way, too. Twenty-five, maybe thirty riders would be slingin' lead at each other. Wouldn't be much left of the town after that. There had to be a way to stop them.

It was when both groups of riders were walking their horses down the street from opposite directions that Marshal Clip Carter abruptly knew how he would handle it.

"Bull Cherokee!" called the lawman imperatively.

The two leaders stalked forward leaving their hot-eyed riders behind them. "Don't try to stop me, Marshal," said Cherokee. "No one's going to cut my wife and stampede my cattle!"

"And no one's going to bushwhack my riders," replied Brodie coldly. "I'm calling a showdown!"

"Not it's me that's calling a showdown, boys," said the marshal. "Only it wasn't be a battle royal. I figure if you two hate each other so all-fired much you'll want to do the job yourselves. . . . That is, unless you need someone to fight your battles. . . ."

"Not me," said Brodie grimly.

"Or me." Mason was defiant. "We'll settle this man to man."

"Just what I had in mind," said the lawman. "Now if you'll each draw your guns and grab hold of a corner of this handkerchief—" He held a red square of cloth toward them.

They looked at him in dismay as he continued giving instructions. "You'll both hold one end of this handkerchief and open fire when I give the signal.

"But we'll be only five feet apart," said Mason.

"We'd both be goners. We couldn't miss," said Brodie.

"Shouldn't think that would stop you," said the marshal. "Thought you wanted a fight to the finish. That's what I'm offering you. All right! Get set! I'm starting the count! ONE! TWO! THREE!"

At the count both men went for their guns. But Mason's hand was too weak to draw. And though Cherokee cleared leather the gun trembled in his hand and fell to the ground. Then they both stopped trembling and grinned.

"Bull, I guess I just couldn't. Not face to face like that," said Cherokee.

"Me neither. I couldn't gun you down looking you in the eye." Brodie reached out a hand and Cherokee took it, and as the two old friends walked down the street together Marshal Clip Carter grinned.

It had been a long chance, but he'd won.

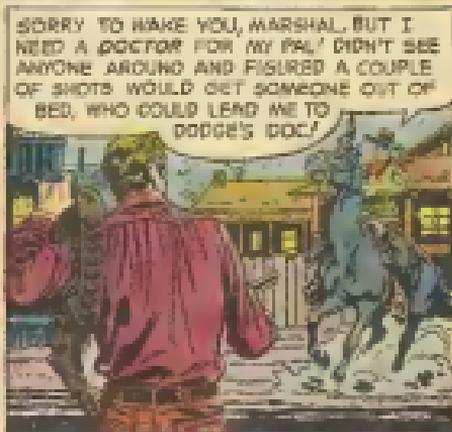
THE GUNSMOKE PERILOUS PATIENT



YOU THERE!
WHAT'S THE IDEA
OF CUTTING
LOOSE?



SORRY TO WAKE YOU, MARSHAL, BUT I
NEED A DOCTOR FOR MY PAL! DIDN'T SEE
ANYONE AROUND AND FIGURED A COUPLE
OF SHOTS WOULD GET SOMEONE OUT OF
BED, WHO COULD LEAD ME TO
DODGE'S DOC!



MINUTES LATER...

YOU SAY YOUR
FRIEND CUT HIMSELF?



RIGHT, DOC!
IT'S A DEEP
CUT SO
HURRY!

DOC, WANT ME TO COME ALONG---



---DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF,
MARSHAL! WE TWO CAN
HANDLE THINGS! SORRY I
HAD TO WAKE YOU!



NEXT MORNING...

CHESTER, THIS TELEGRAM SAYS WE'RE TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR FOUR MEN WHO ROBBED THE BANK IN ABILENE!

DOES IT GIVE ANY DESCRIPTION OF THE ROBBERS, MR. DILLON?



YES---AND ONE OF THEM HAS A SMALL PUG NOSE LIKE THE GENT WHO WOKE ME UP LAST NIGHT TO GET DOC ADAMS!



DOC ADAMS, WAIT!

WHOA, THERE!

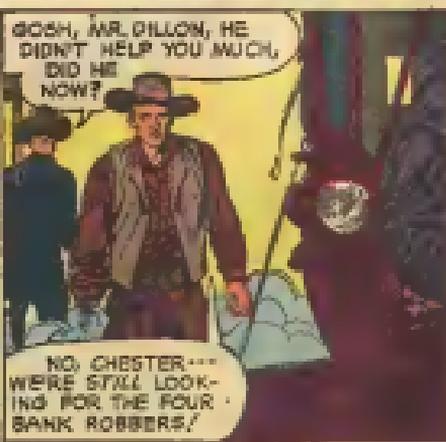
I JUST RECEIVED A TELEGRAM DESCRIBING FOUR BANK ROBBERS! ONE SOUNDS LIKE THE MAN WHO CALLED ON YOU LAST NIGHT! WHO WAS YOUR PATIENT?

MATT, DON'T YOU KNOW BY NOW THAT ANYTHING THAT GOES ON BETWEEN ME AND MY PATIENTS IS STRICTLY PRIVATE!



DOC, A BANK WAS ROBBED!

THAT'S YOUR CONCERN! PATCHING UP PATIENTS IS MINE!



GOSH, MR. DILLON, HE DIDN'T HELP YOU MUCH, DID HE NOW?

NO, CHESTER--- WE'RE STILL LOOKING FOR THE FOUR BANK ROBBERS!





THERE HE IS! HOLD IT, DOC!



WE FIGURE YOU'RE GOING TO VISIT OUR FRIEND WITH THE BULLET WOUND! WE'RE MIGHTY CONCERNED ABOUT HIM, SO LEAD THE WAY!

I'M NOT TAKING YOU TO MY PATIENT!



THIS MAY CHANGE YOUR MIND!



WANT MORE?

I- I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!



SOON...

IF I CAN JUST PASS THIS SHACK WHERE THE WOUNDED MAN IS STAYING, I MAY BE ABLE TO GET RID OF THESE TWO JOKERS, WHO AREN'T UP TO ANY GOOD!



MINUTES LATER...

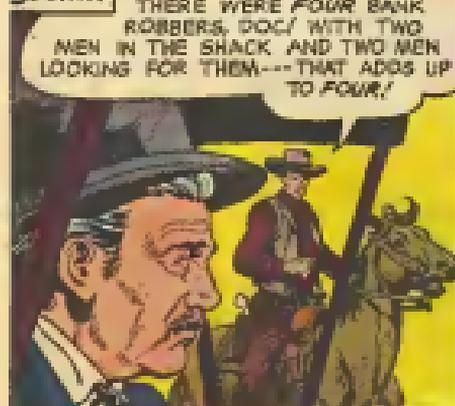


W-HY JAW --- SURE
ACHES --- BUT
THEY'RE SOME!



THINGS ARE PILING
UP TOO BIG FOR
ME! I'D BETTER
FETCH MATT!

SOON...



THERE WERE FOUR BANK
ROBBERS, DOC! WITH TWO
MEN IN THE SHACK AND TWO MEN
LOOKING FOR THEM --- THAT ADDS UP
TO FOUR!



YOU'LL SOON KNOW
IF YOUR SUSPICIONS
ARE RIGHT, MATT!

BEHIND THEM...

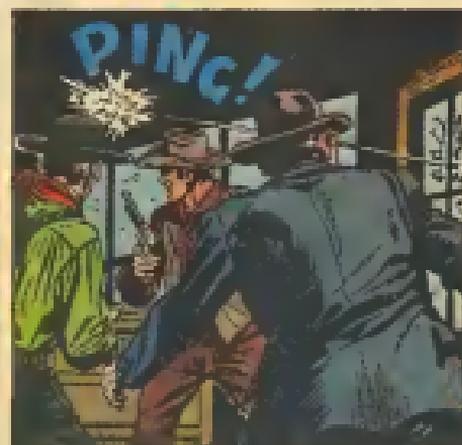


STILL FIGURE HE'S
HEADING FOR JONES
AND KENT?

YES! I WAS
SURE WHEN
HE CAME TO,
HE'D CALL ON
THOSE POLECATS!
YOU'LL SEE I'M
RIGHT!



HERE'S THE PLACE, MATT!
BUT IN CASE YOU ARE
RIGHT --- BE CAREFUL!









STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 29, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 15, United States Code, Section 233), SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF GUNSMOKE published bi-monthly at New York 17, N. Y., for October 1, 1958.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is Bell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1958.

JOHN C. WEBER

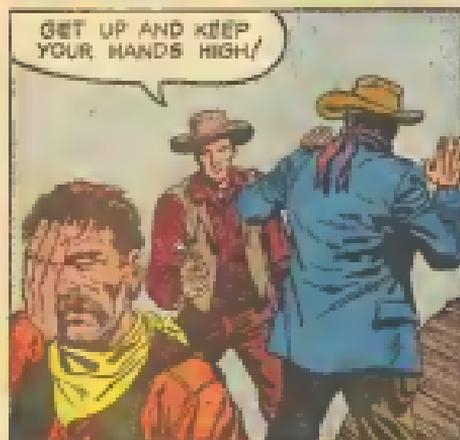
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 28, 1960)



DROP IT!



LE-LET GO,
MARSHAL!



GET UP AND KEEP
YOUR HANDS HIGH!



MY PATIENT'S
DEAD, MATT!



DOC, NEXT TIME
YOU TREAT A GUN-
SHOT WOUND, TELL
ME ABOUT IT BEFORE
I' END UP BEING A
PATIENT!

YOU KNOW, MATT,
THIS EXPERIENCE
MIGHT JUST
MAKE ME
MEND MY WAYS
AND DO THAT
NEXT TIME!

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you may win a \$430⁰⁰ scholarship in commercial art

Draw Lincoln's head any size other than this (bigger or smaller but not a size that would look like a tracing). Use pencil. As winner of contest you get a complete art course—free training for a money-making career in advertising art, illustrating, cartooning, or landscape or portrait painting. You are taught, individually, by professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Among all commercial artists today, one out of every ten, it's estimated, has studied with Art Instruction, Inc. For forty-five years this school has been teaching art to talented beginners. Try for a \$430.00 art course! Winner also gets drawing supplies and valuable art textbooks. Entries for February 1960 contest must be received by February 29. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Mail your drawing today.

Use 1 coupon—then pass this page on to a friend.

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500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please enter my drawing on your draw-a-head contest!
(No cash prize)

Name _____ Age _____
Occupation _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ State _____
County _____ State _____

2. ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 1020
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please enter my drawing on your draw-a-head contest!
(No cash prize)

Name _____ Age _____
Occupation _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ State _____
County _____ State _____

3. ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 1020
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please enter my drawing on your draw-a-head contest!
(No cash prize)

Name _____ Age _____
Occupation _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ State _____
County _____ State _____

"Fresh up"
Freddie
says:

"RIGHT NOW, you're probably asking yourself—

**What does a bobsled champ
drink to quench his thirst?"**



*"I'm the Terror of the Slopes! When the needle
on my speedometer points to 'Terror,' I'm a
hot pilot who keeps cool!"*



*"But getting up the hill gets me down. After a
decent trip, the hill gets steep, steep, STEEP!
And my throat gets dry, dry, DRY!"*



*"So I unquench my dry throat
with 7-Up. Just one bottle of
sparkling 7-Up and whoosh—
thirst goes flying!"*

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When thirst has you slipping—have a 7-Up! It's the real thirst-quencher!
See how fresh and good your throat can feel. As "Fresh up" Freddie
says: "Fresh up" with Seven-Up!

